

What Becomes of the Broken Hearted?

The Wedding Present

And this is for you
You must know it's for you
What else can I think about?

I knocked on your door
Until my fingers were sore
Although I'd guessed you were out

And what do I need?
Is it hunger or greed
That has brought me here?

And what will I find?
Aren't we two of a kind?
Oh I take back everything
I didn't mean a thing

And when you pull the strings I don't think you feel a thing

Don't forget what I say
We can be back in one day
We can borrow your mother's car

Don't sing me that song
I've been here for too long
Oh you couldn't have looked that far
Did you look very far?

I seem to recall
You said nothing at all
The day that this letter came

It must have been sent
By the friend of a friend
Oh now I forget his name
I'm really not to blame!

And when you pull the strings I don't think you feel a thing
Oh do you feel a thing?
And when you pull the strings I don't think you feel a thing